

GASH WIRED

Verging on hypomania to beat hypothermia: an undramatised account of SYDNEY SUCCESS



SPOILS OF WAR: Souvenirs money can't buy

Was it Livid Live or Vivid Live?

SOCIAL JUSTICE OR SOCIOLOGICAL JUSTICE? Know The Difference

Before x-wires *unwired*?

POST-SYDNEY

Wasn't sure if I'd write this today, recovering from five days of going out, travelling, cold hands, lesser sleep, and borderline (un)healthy non-hard-drug consumption but here I am, riding on the mental enlivening of non-stop reality envelopment in hard, cold (deliciously) Sydney. No, this was not so much an *escape* – though it was a holiday in the utmost possibly audacious prestigious way. No hotel rooms, expensive dining, first class, none of that. Yep, there was a food table and a vase of free cans and beers and wines and wine glasses, in a labrynthine pipe-lined hall to weave through that smelled like hairspray sometimes coming out of the specially labelled rooms, all that cinematic shit (but none of the 70s rock n' roll food fights, people actually *ate* the food, piled leftover sandwiches in empty chip packets) coming out through security at to an architectural wonder of the world or something, two of them, and with some special lights. Crowds milling on a semi-dark concrete expanse, shivering, sipping drinks in little familiar or semi-familiar groups, from NZ, Melbourne, Brisbane. Someone, a brand new friend, misplaced her Prozac on the road trip here, chatting non-stop from a withdrawal energy burst and I said, probably ten percent here are on an antidepressant. But anyway, that image of this growing crowd between us and the stage, of individuals with that same curious, blankly excited long-distance gazing and mingling and moving on and gravitating to the centre, becoming warmly anonymous in a dense crowd, ah my attention to things introspective didn't hold the same. Met her again dancing near front, sayings stuff like “fuck yeah there's a pregnant woman right up the front”.

Revisiting this after the Sydney high's worn off a bit. Wasn't so much as a high but an enlivenment. Sydney has always been about movement, business, energy, modernity. Progress! In the best and the crassest way. I don't know how but two of us fended off the flu living off primarily Vietnamese Salad and cheese rolls, beer, the occasional cheeseburger and these ginseng shots (and a certain drug that enables me to write these, to be honest). Precautionary cold n' flu tablets cost \$12 and they gave me all daytime pseudoephedrine ones without asking. Waiting

for one to kick in and maybe I'll flow back into Sydney mindset. Till then, feels like a relatively droll recount of a bunch of details. The Opera House had a room named after Bennelong, an Aboriginal leader kidnapped and paraded as a prime example of assimilation and ended up cursing up and down the streets drunk. I think, one of the light displays might've showed Bennelong, but it's hard to know because there were no photos in the 1700's. I wondered where that Barangaroo development was over the water somewhere, and where that sold-off public housing used to be. Somewhere in this vicinity. A sociological eye notices that stuff. Now, pondering about inequality aside – admission costs, the joke of rockstar excess, the niche of the music – there's nothing like a rally at a public landmark to see how possible, how psychologically refreshing it is to be part of a mass, the faces of some of your favourite people flashing in the light show. No time to be a downer, to cling to anything or anyone in particular. Moving with the masses. It's my turn to experience mass egalitarianism, strength in numbers, albeit from my now-privileged position, when usually we are very small. Very small and grubby onlookers to the everyday masses showcasing their modern integration in context-prescribed suits and shiny going out clothes, milling around bars while us grubs hurry along. Public life and belonging is instinctively the most romantic, life-affirming spectacle to me. Even felt more alive, clothes falling apart, looking up through a long window full of suits drinking just to glare with my conviction as a 15 year-old: “I am your equal”. This was on a rare visit to Melbourne, which felt more like a real city than the Gold Coast.

Now at the Opera House, I felt compelled to dress up a little but it didn't matter much. Red lipstick or something, like every 20th century celebratory crowd. I reckon, Miss Destiny carried that, nicely counter-balancing gestures of defiant derro-ism. First prize goes to Jaz Brooking's cymbal in a plastic bag and 'fuck you' to sound guy's snooty bewilderment of the saucepan drum kit addition. Kitchen's Floor in general actually, with 2/4 members in trackies, Matt forgetting the 'no beer on stage' clause and plopping down what was probably a bottle snuck from backstage right next to his amp, Glen's default on-stage

shoelessness, some kind of smart-arsery involving stage hands, which I cannot recall the exact details of. Last place goes to my self-amused backstage loitering. Regardless of somewhat comical class contrasts, this music was rightly public and dignified. Obviously, fun and glittery and tough, classically rock and roll were Miss Destiny, Lucy Cliche and to an extent Angie but her's and Matt's open, personal melancholy somehow seems to reveal souls connected to public history. Somehow, not in an obvious way. They seem to have a refined, somewhat outsider sensitivity to social difference and the possibilities of human greatness and awfulness; a wonder and inspiration that makes them not merely teen emo caricatures or talent show sob stories. They of course, know the self-worth encouraged in the intelligent and sensitive by generations of books, films, western educational traditions, along with the empty promise of prominence. The romance of actual life that their character creates, or perceives, overwhelms pretension. It makes sense to feel somewhere in your soul that you're small if you want to be public, if you want to belong.

The acts I haven't mentioned yet, they were fine and suitable. They were Skyline, Francis Plagne, Severed Heads, Fake, and finishing the night Total Control. Got a bit distracted by the crowd, though, so the ones I saw were like background music to this event/crowd spectacle & mingling. Nothing wrong with that.

Yeah, and I should also admit a necessary caution and valuable reticence to prescribe anything to the public. And get caught up in the fervour of crowds (also, lots of us are plain awkward and shy; hard sells). But it was fun! And the public, the crowd, is always there in my mind. Isolated right now though I am, looking out at this boring outside effects me on some physical level. There are big bland walls, a bus engine sound, sun, probably some kids in school uniforms, receptionists trotting along in heels. There is a big, blue sky and sun on a treetop. A very Queensland asocial visual escape. Sydney, I'll miss, with your street life, your tough international modernness, hyper-stimulating extremes. You're like, the best of 80s urban America, faith and adventurous business sense, with the bullshit delusions cut out, like a reset

button to when people believed in the future and in unity. Check the Paradise Daily logo, that's some space age stuff there. Meanwhile, carving out my own hopefully helpful outsider perspective up in Brisbane. Trying not to fall asleep. We've got our more scribbly art, the spontaneous insights of quietude, a bit of backwater weirdness and ambiguity, I guess. Not altogether dead. Just good to be plugged into somewhere else so alive, so decisive.

Thank you Jaz and all other hospitable Sydney people, and especially Repressed Records which is Chris Sammut (founder/owner) and Nic Warnock, without their nothing-to-lose ambition I probably wouldn't know any of this music or community.

OVER-EXCITED MANIFESTO

Permanent cynicism reflects a sheltered and stupefying background as much as naïve trust. the cosy cynic (not to be confused with the traumatised paranoiac) has not been forced to depend on the imperfect individuals and insitutions in a self-initiated, direct manner like the desperate and impoverished have in the past. in this not-so-distant past when faith as much as doubt and habit spurned on social reorganisation. by 'faith' i don't mean the insular, paranoid acceptance of irrational and artless superstitions, but the kind that arises out of social turmoil, that is not vain, and is not complacent. this faith is combined with doubt of the purest, socially sublime kind. doubt and faith configures new power, aesthetic excitements, psychological liberation. it's about time we graduated, on our own terms! unwilful students of default sociology and economics Skool of Lyf reaching the culmination of learning fucking when? fucking schoolies, toolies, formal after parties, birthday parties, rain dances, when was the last time you felt properly happy? Without the looming BS and self-absorbtion and neck-breathing superiors clouding this communistic allowance of youth? Even then, would've been nice to enjoy it more and even the footy, that still-exclusive mouth-breathing jock realm i'd've complained about but again that cynicism is as destructively naïve as any of my false, lazy homebody 'neutrality' as the knee-jerk identity-specific response ("i am brain girl, my couch

groove here, you muscle man, you fotty, me internet here for angry"). Animals lashing out.

MEMORY OF A FEW CHILDREN ABUSED IN LIMP-WRISTED MUD SLINGING AT OTHER SIDE OF POLITICS

RE: Radio soundbite rousing the premier for not preventing the suspicious disappearances of a handful of children.

Anybody who blubbers about saving the children but has demonstrated a firm complacency about inequality from birth that results in poverty and mental health issues should not be afforded respect. They present a deficit of either the intelligence or empathy required for ethical governance and leadership. That is not to say that the premier is any better, or that the policy advocated is necessarily ineffective. What should be admonished is the sickly smug power-intoxicated exploitation of tragedy that convinced neither of care for those lives relevant to this policy, nor the lives effected by gross short-sighted cherry-picking of convenient issues this reflects. A critical distance from your own knee-jerk political response, your own strategy, your cynicism, and your priorities is entirely necessary. Your little head perhaps can't contain what cries for help from everybody worthy of public awareness would look like all together – can't collate individual experiences into one principle. You want a single character, or a few faces to entertain a heroic fantasy. Grow up – we know about mascots, representatives, models as a marketing or campaign tool. Our education should be finished. Think about the world more comprehensively.

NOT QUITE STREAM OF CONSCIENCE/CONSCIOUSNESS

*Today, 10/06/2017, approx. 7PM
Ginseng shot, waning cold and flu tablets,
waning tea with ginseng granules, waning 10mg
Ritalin, possible mild hangover, 1 piece of white
toast with two eggs and butter, salt and pepper.*

I'm quite nervous to print this. I suppose, these issues are supposed to weigh on me, if I am a good person, but I nonetheless feel guilty about my conventionally progressive (perhaps already

regressive?) comprehensions of these 'issues'. Humans are not 'issues' or 'topics'. The issues of feminism, indigeneity, queerness, 'environmentalism', 'the poor', 'the unemployed' are the forefront of what we, as compassionate and enlightened people, are told to be aware of and discussing. I am an 'issue' in certain discussions, as a woman, and perhaps for other reasons that I won't disclose. It is unsavoury, somehow unsocial, to publically contemplate generalised identities and issues that relate to friends, family and myself. Moreover, I veer between a frivolous and serious tone. Think what you want of that – I know lots of you support politics and religion being in comedy, but there's a fine line between useful and gratingly frivolous. Sometimes a thick line, if this falls in the path of somebody in want of great and serious regard. I've written this reflecting on the flow of mercurial social media. I wouldn't suppose conceiving of it as a partial parody of jerk-off smart-arsery and distraction would provide reassurance, but please take my cringing, brittle, back-and-forth, hyperactive, self-subversive somersaulting as a sincere act of benevolence. Forgive me for being inadequate, especially Aboriginal readers, if lumping you in with these issues incidentally recycles the idea that your people are a problem (I do remember class, Dr. Lyndon Murphy). I am not making you a pet project, if I emphasise or prioritise debates regarding you alone. I am not disregarding your exclusive characteristics and perspectives by shining a light on a small part of you to exploit you for my own ends, either. I will not do any of these things, if I can help it, though it may be difficult given the disourse I – and you too, to an extent – have inherited. Perhaps everybody will be uncomfortable that I am writing so seriously. That is the opposite of my initial concern. It really is difficult.

17/06/2017, approx. 12:50pm
15mg Ritalin, 3 weet bix with soy milk and
froze- ah fuck it

...Difficult, to write about 'identities' and 'issues' in a way that is simply level and ordinary and respectable because a lot of this is based on inadequate media. I am geographically detached. Moreover, I am both learning from/about *and* trying to change inadequate media. I am trying to

sort out what shit I have absorbed from the good; what makes character and not just academic utility or trendiness.

*Yesterday, 09/06/2017, approx. 11AM
15mg Ritalin followed by 10mg every 3-4 hours,
plunger coffee, ginseng shot, 500mg
paracetamol, one cold and flu tablet, 3 weet bix
with unhomogenised milk and tsp. honey, natural
vege juice*

Plus minor edits from 17/06/2017

Would you guess that I'm a water sign? Perhaps I've modified the stars with my personality manipulation, my will. You might think I'm a fire sign. I don't actually believe in this stuff but happened to be looking at facebook and my mind's picking stuff up like a ball of blu tack rolling lint. Usually it's best – it feels best, seems most efficient – if I read a book in the morning before getting on to this writing but sometimes all the fragments of articles, opinion paragraphs, the cycling thoughts from yesterday and ages can all merge together into something unpredictable and novel. Isn't that great. Who knows what's going to come out? Doubt the marketers have an equation for that. *Why* am I thinking of star signs? Why would fragmentary facebook be empowering any more than books read in secret? Books no-one ties to my demographic? I suppose there are only so many publishers in the world. You could guess what type of books I've read, what connections on facebook I flatter most with my likes and such, and thus would reflect in my writing... Oh, but it's all a big mess. It's a lottery, with all my thoughts, memories, emotions etc. being the balls and my syntax the ball slots. You can't trace, predict me! But, but, that is not so comforting, or true, considering humans have interests and emotions and actions and intentions in common and I'm one of them too. I'm not too hard to figure out. But then, some people are plain weird and unpredictable. What am I getting at, that you should be like that? No, no, it's just basic strategy, like chess or solitaire. You don't want the opponent to read you more than you can read them, because that is not fair. Or, you want some people to understand you, but not others. Common sense. That's what art does, I suppose. Circle jerk, circle jerk... Yes, I know artists. I'm convincing myself that art is relevant to urgent

politics as much as any direct commentary or initiative.

How about, Gerry Georgatos? I coincidentally have mentioned some kind of injustice related to Aboriginal people, which can seem like an awfully contrived thing like a man carrying on about protecting the females or a straight person going on about queer issues. I suppose, I perceive that connecting my convictions to a cause tied to the moral upbringings of mainstream Westerners since WW11 – anti-Racism – will show the underlying patterns of behaviour and attitude that are not so easily spotted as ethically, morally, soullessly dysfunctional. I am not *sure* that I do this effectively. I am not sure, but I suppose I did in my article about The Drum episode in issue 11. Economic injustice/greed was the main thread, though I started off noticing the representational disproportion of the discussion; the token defender placed with a bunch of (presumed – you know, you can't always tell by skin colour) non-Aboriginal people treated as equally worthy of public respect for opinions tied to the psychic, economic, cultural and so on well-being of people they do not understand. Well, I can't presume to understand. I can't presume even the Aboriginal representative understood, or is regarded as Aboriginal (you know, you can't always tell by skin colour). Anyhow, Gerry Georgatos is Greek, or a first generation Greek-Australian. That doesn't really matter except that it's related to the fact he had experiences that lead to convictions that lead to an impressive stretch berating, pleading, analysing, statistical quoting in the interests of statistically high-suffering groups. I think I may have attempted to block or lessen the posts visible on my timeline as I didn't know what to *do* (*and you know, the phenomena of copycat sui- makes barrages of dire news ethically questionable – what do you do?*), but one came up. He seems to be the primary journalist for the Stringer, the *hard* news. I don't always agree with every point of his analysis or proposed solutions, intellectually, but the feeling of his rhetoric cuts straight to the point at times. For instance, something relevant to me (edit: No, NO, I was mentioning something *I* know to seem *not disingenuous*, not to selfishly distract from more important things. Can't win either way,, it seems) is, “*Australians are lied to about extent of poverty & of levels of unemployment.*” Right

he is. If working one hour a week makes you employed, then great news Mum and Dad! You know who else I unsubscribed to? The Australian Unemployed Worker's Union and Work For The Dole Horror Stories. How much it sucks to be unemployed being blared in your face from a screen all day gets you down. The big spirit-monster Unemployment is gnawing away at your idle Mental Health fortress before the real stuff even gets at you; before you're in a gang of fluoro-clad grave diggers of HSC, QCS career-stress casualties or whatever they get you to do. I suppose that queer children have felt the same way, presented two exaggerated cultural patriarchs of phobia and flamboyance. What if they don't like glitter? Yes, yes I must cover every New Left social cause. But my point is that being in a degraded social position is not always like visiting the great barrier reef and finding a sea of destitution. Well, maybe somebody could find a beauty or a use for bleached coral. Dig it up and send it to school children to paint? I dunno, maybe a cunt would find beauty in it. But there is a lack of astuteness and compassion if nobody, if there was a mostly-clueless group stuck at a dying marine park, who would go for a curious, reservedly enjoyable swim and would not teach the children to cry all day. Most of the children would surely be embarrassed. Probably even the dolphins. I hope, if you are constantly crying because you are upset, ground down from fruitless efforts, genuinely mourning for help from the strong or better positioned, that you will be afforded sober help and sympathy. Expect the rest of us to cry - "Oh, yes, we wouldn't have let this happen, people are so bad", and to comprehend your ideas through wailing sobs - "aye aye captain"... I'm afraid our morale will drop. Or am I just being impatient, unhelpful? Alright, we're thinking. The Gerry Georgatos' are beautiful. (edit: He is not a sobbing mess, he's tried to step up and take seriously a role with little support and is churning out analysis and "fucking come on guys" calls, which must be simultaneously exhausting for him and a system shock to lots of people who cannot yet digest the material). How about, get a sculpture commissioned and unveiled as a big, fat bleached coral man in front of a parliament or head corporate office implicated in the destruction (edit: draw some maggots in the coral holes for extra impact)? Not much for revenge, eh. Is that

too clownish and self-congratulatory to impress you through the depths of your painful conviction? This whole article is a little glib. On my mood enhancer - strong coffee. The standard corporate journalist drug. My intoxication. Alright. Let's get this job done. Ah, trending social causes, face books, coverage... Hey, I want to hear some real stories. I don't care if it's an internet story, so long as you've seen it unfolding yourself. Preferably not a single-post tattle-tale or testimony seeming pre-formatted. Ha, can hear radio national through the wall and Rock the Casbah played. Blah blah extremists blah blah alt-right blah blah... Lots of social advocacy and things like that. How about we look at our inadequacy. Oh, I could tell lots of stories to humanise the demonised or patronised to all you good working, well-adjusted righteous people. We all like a human interest story. Now I can tell you about my friend who is X or Y, or Z or XZ oh I know better than you and can convince you they/we are great. No, no, I'd rather you tell me your failings. Your incapacity to socially function. Why should they/us have to air personal vulnerabilities to appeal to *your* humanity? This isn't fair or equal at all, regardless of the good intent of the brave, indiscreet, or righteously convicted. An appeal to pity or moral principles may be expedient for some tasks but we have to be adults some time. Think of a family that doesn't let it's youngest child grow up, the poor kid being born or adopted into alien social dynamics and layers of pretensions of authority, to later be told, "Sorry, we just didn't know what we were doing. We didn't want to lose control." Each family member is present and describes the sensations and thoughts experienced in each interaction that typically took place, and where they learned it from.

"I was working at the job centre. My stats were down. My rent just went up and my youngest was in school. I had a warning and could be let go if I didn't sanction this guy's payments. I felt sick, in the pit of my stomach but I looked from his depressed face to the full waiting room and Sherry the receptionist probing me to hurry up and I clicked the button. He was off the map after. He wouldn't have the health to survive off drug deals of dumpster diving. Fervently denied mental illness, fiercely independent. Nodded

compliantly. He had finally found a share house. Bunch of old addicts, verging on pension age...”

1. I'm really, mainly, thinking of my own inadequacy in negotiating difference and vulnerability. I have been thinking of uncomfortable stories of my own, that really make me uncomfortable now that I'm out of straight, white (ah bet you're sick of hearing that?).. Squaresville? Of course, I want to focus on other 'mainstream' people's inadequacies, but I recognise these inadequacies in part due to being taught the same ideals and day to day social scripts as these other inadequate people. Having good intentions, an imaginary radiating universal benevolence doesn't birth social competence. In fact, it may foster incompetence. I suppose, I'm writing about social justice because I care. Oh, I do, no matter how much I squirm out of that sickly kind of caring that I've been taught, and look awkwardly exploitative or even callous, perhaps. I care because unless I hide from the public like a self-coddling Wall-E person, I will find reasons that I and by extension, my cultural background are embarrassingly, tragically inadequate and I am surrounded by lies and cover ups. Not of the [X-files theme song] variety. No, that was unnecessary drama. I mean, your little lies about being smart, helpful, heroic, identifying with the good guys, knowing the right ethics and theories. I'm skirting around real life here. Alright, real experiences now. 90 percent of the time I'm around someone, our social, cultural, physical etc. differences don't matter. Stand in line at Maccas with an executive, a cop, right? Smile and say hello to the local councillor out on a jog? Play in bands with girls, for years, being & feeling normal? Share meals with Muslim housemates, very nice. Oh, but my wires were crossed sometimes. She was perfectly assertive and descriptive of her beliefs and values, which...

ahhhhhhhh been writing too much. How did my paragraph indent get like that? Uh, I have to go to

the laundromat. I could put it off and wrangle with this thing, though. But I'm just gonna go out to the real world, the laundromat. I thank books and face books for giving me some perspective I need to question my own default perceptions of the real world. I just don't know, alright. Friends, I don't wanna say I see you as all exactly the same regardless of race, religion, disability, sexuality, class and what else – but I do in that we all act & feel according to cultural conventions of the occasion of, say, a party, more or less. I don't ask. But you know, I write about, learned about at uni, read about stuff you know about. It just feels disjointed somehow, in practice. Even just writing about the working class. I do have a class – unemployed overqualified lost young adults and women, I guess – but I'm not proud. It's us who can be roused at to pull our bootstraps up. We got the privilege, the responsibility, yep! *Brain drain's* to smarter, savvy places is making me look better and better. Or worse and worse. You know if I was in Melbourne or some socially enlightened European country I wouldn't really think about the system really, in a detailed, qualitative, brick-by-brick, dissected and personally obligating way. I'd be dressing up, clubbing, maybe writing policy or teaching or pouring beers, wandering down the street for a rally, having the time of the life knowing that other healthy, intelligent, young, Anglo-integrated people are working with me to make the world a socially just place. You're no stock standard white culture, are you? It's the rest of us that have to change, especially us who don't work in professional roles, aren't that 'creative', and whose governments suck more. To be on the right side of history, it seems all I have to do is ditch the societies and leaders that are permeated with insitutional & banal manifestations of racism, sexism etc. and point the finger at all the knobs back home. Well fuck you, you haven't changed a bit. Let the systemic (aw may as well say 'the system', saying 'systemic -ism' will go out of fashion some time all the same, like 'the man') blare in my face, I don't need to scuttle off to a coffee shop with my culturally safe comrades. You know, around the time I wanted to move to Melbourne, in my first year of uni, at Helensvale train station an Aboriginal girl asked me for a light all tough looking and I didn't have one. She oddly made light conversation, like where'd you come from?

Uni, I said. Somehow I misheard something in the conversation and thought she needed a ticket to South Bank. I went and bought her a ticket, because I dunno, reparations, and I'm radiating Christ-like good intentions, right? Turns out she wanted to go to Southport, or she'd come from Southport or something. I walked over and gave it to her. In my defense, like it was nothing at all, which it was, in my vacant-minded state. Living out my values, right. The residue of my Christian upbringing. She or I tried to refund the ticket. Anyhow, I think I also got on the wrong bus at night time on that night and the bus driver let me off in a safer location out of chivalry. He didn't like letting young girls out by themselves all lost. Maybe the uncomfortable thing about that story is as much mental as cultural ineptitude. Just trying to help out, not be condescending. A bit of stereotyping going on (she looked a little rough). Yuck, I'm not a bloody saint. I can't be a saint; how pious. I am embarrassed, confessional, about trying to help, especially in a grossly socially incompetent way (let alone the lack of street smarts). I don't see you as a charity case, Aboriginal peers and friends. In abstract theory it is good to help, and I am obliged to help, being the supposedly one of the most fully privileged, operational cogs in this giant systemic machine of whatever you wanna call it (edit: if you wanna profile me, which you actually don't seem to, it's mainly the outspoken political types that do it) – colonialist, patriarchal, cissexist, racist, capitalist, fascist, neoliberal, sexist, heteronormative, ecocidal, alienating, classist, immoral, materialist, consumerist, corporate fascist, speciesist, ableist, small-business-patriarch-hillbilly, soul-denuded, military-industrial-conquest, liberal-fake-smiley-face, land-thieving, slave-driving...

This chain of events, decisions, banalities, highs and lows that we function in! All of us, more or less. I know there are very, very bad things happening as our days tick over to the extent I wonder if I am the indulgent, white American stereotype channel surfing with a supersize soft drink talking about uh, Paris Hilton while the Iraq War rages. Or.. you know what other period of history I'm thinking of here. That old question of what you'd do if you were in Germany when... But, we know that cultural, social, economic, political killers aren't so direct any more. Except

fucking deprivation of food and health care. A systemic reluctance to treat people as people, equals and friends and hosts and authorities of their parts of life, and not aberrations. No-one's fucking angry, it's like we're saying "ey this is as fair as it can get, chin up, Greens n Labor are doing some good work" or "oh it's so baaad for so many people you poor thing." I don't know what to do about fucking anything. Not waiting for someone to tell me either. You can sit there listening to 'activists', being an 'activist', influencing policy to reorganise social & economic relations from the top down, voting for the lesser evil (or the struggling good, depending how high your bar is deciding who is good or not), being non-discriminatory in any immediate interaction you're part of... But you don't know how to live as an egalitarian. People will resent you for that. There is nothing and everything to apologise for and that hasn't imploded your synapses into self-destructive, self-reinventing, psycho-socio-cultural-economic reformation yet.

20/06/2017

What I'm saying is, have a bit more self-awareness. You probably think you already do, but it almost certainly is closer to being a lazy emotion with too much unconscious, semi-conscious, fully conscious reference to people just about as out of touch as you. Think about self-consciousness (the derogative term) when you're a teenager, when you're said to be "*too self conscious*" because other people's standards run through your head and make your skin crawl. If you grow out of it, you either cut the offenders off or find approval or numb your feelings. You stop thinking so much about your role. Well, I think we need to get a bit of that self-consciousness back. We don't need to hate ourselves or lazily mock ourselves and it won't be the dumb, vain bullies, it won't mostly be the campaigns of instructors or supervisors or the idea of God or the Western literature or music Canon or righteous preachers, propaganda, commercial material, your family and so on that make you question yourself. You know, the hierarchy. Try let other people into your system, then all your research and logic and expression will come out better, which in turn will make life a bit less shit, and so on...

If it isn't like that for you, a Skool of Lyfe grad who doesn't listen to much news or the intellectual mainstream and/or you have your own underground/subculture/gang/mob/headspace/fantasy/cult/family/language/crew etc. then you probably still also struggle to get some expression out of you that's different to the rest. I mean, expression that's challenging. You're also might feel too separate from some political opportunities and conversations, even ones about yourself. I'm sorry, and I don't want to be like every politician poncing around factories, hospitals, schools, remote communities etc. and skimming research reports. They should be frustrated with their *bad art* and actually show they're learning more. I'm sorry if I show off a formal education and a liking of books and uncommon words too unnecessarily. It is a habit, and sometimes complicated language really is necessary for technical reasons or to talk to people with similar backgrounds. It's also sometimes a kind of weird art that might make sense someday, like how we got from cave person grunts to this. Grunts and standard speech is better a lot of the time, though. And you've got your own ways of making people feel dumb, too. All of us who act like they're supposed to know everything, who want to justify power, just don't. You know that as well as they do, deep down. It's also sometimes plain slack communication and confusion about what we want to say that makes us hard to relate to. Sometimes we all nod along anyhow cause no-one will tell us off.

We need to think about what we can and should know to be decent people. Only a bit of time to figure this out. Been directing this mostly to people who want to be change society and also seem to waste the most time, cause I know or hear about it most. Internet, people with influence, money, intellect, powerful connections, mainstream culture, self-flagellating compassionate professionals, (ha) social media experts, trolls, writers, radio people, facebook opinion columnists, facebook likers, newspapers, political bands, public servants, students, 'activists', me, church-goers, teachers, psychologists, decorators, philanthropists, volunteers, historians, ethicists, petitioners,

hippies, punks, identity crisis teens, mid life parent crisis moral crusaders, marketers, hmmm. I've absorbed a lot of your ideas, now it's time for a challenge. Accept you're probably gonna be painfully bad at it and probably offend some people, sometimes, in a genuine reinvention attempt. Pretty wild out there. Have some respect, purge the wankery, be vulnerable. It'll be more fun, too.

BATTLE WOUND SOUVENIR

This edition is called *Gash Wired* because of the Battle of Sydney. The Battle of Sydney, unlike the *Battle of Brisbane* which involves cashing it in for half it's worth as the only way to make the rent, involves blood and guts and darkness and perceptive astuteness hardly conceived of here. The Battle of Sydney went like this. Following a gig at the Petersham Bowls Clob that ended seemingly early, two young Brisbane musicians failed to ascertain the location and/or existence of a party in Redfern, and ended up going home with their kind, sober (at least, *non-drunk*) Sydney host and a slightly amused/bemused girlfriend. The night progressed as they passed the kind host's joints around, the girlfriend sipped a brutal Korean rice/barley wine and the men figured out the trick to turning on a semi-broken, free-to-air television, which had been wheedled into the host's impeccably curated home by her grandma. Predictably, trash dominated the air waves – or digits, or whatever it is that digital signals run on – and they found themselves mesmerised by a call-in game show. It was rumoured that a smart friend had watched the very same show and managed to call in the night before, around the very same time the man staying on the couch had watched it alone. He was not alone, though. This show was kind of special. It eventually pierced the girlfriend's cynical resolve by flattering the best of her abilities; identifying visual inconsistencies of the subtlest kind. This was also so sublimely silly that it was art in irony, and perhaps the exclusive reserve of them, being so stupidly, obviously a hoax that everybody but us would turn away – turn away from the prize. That might be ours. I mean theirs. On the screen to the left was a scantily clad woman pleading for callers, affirming the impression that nobody else would

do this. On the right was the challenge: to find the mutant cats. All the cats were running at once, silhouettes of seemingly identical cats in a grid of about 100/100 cats (scrupulous edit: this story is only *mainly* accurate). There were a number of factors and strategies one could consider. Two cats with something *wrong* with them were to be found. There were linguistic, semantic considerations, such as, what does it mean for a cat to have something wrong with it? Back to that later – the greater urgency is in scanning the cats systematically for irregular gaits, subtle differences in line curvature and other such things that no mere idiot would notice. Ah! No ears. Ha, that looks fucked. The girlfriend was very pleased, and even more bouyed when she noticed a second cat with no tail. The fuck? How was the lack of tail not noticed before? Perhaps they were trying to be too smart, or perhaps the cat lost it's tail in that very moment. We will never know. One of the men decide to call. They memorise the mutant's location in the grid. Could it really be that easy? Why not try? It is only 50 cents per call, possibly more for mobiles. Alas, the prepaid service plan did not allow his phone, or two other mobiles to get through. One that did get through, said to call again. Time's ticking on, they had the damn answer. If only they had a landline? Aha, the phone box roughly 200m down the road! One says, "I'm gonna do it." He writes down the number and the answers and quickly exits. His bandmate follows, as the host and the girlfriend remain, staring at the cats. Soon, it emerges that one of the cats has two fucking legs, or is running like a bear. Knowing how clever these puzzle creators can be, the girlfriend must in haste notify the men that there may be a trick question! There were meant to be only two mutants! Those greedy corporates could surely have wanted a counter-intuitive catch; some kind of excuse to not pay up, such as one cat being merely eccentric. Best state *all* the weirdos. The safe side. She sends a text with no reply. Third mutant! Grid location F11! They raised it to \$800!

She runs out the door into the dark with no phone, nothing, head tilted looking for a phone box on the other side of the road, sprinting, gliding over the pavement with heightened spirits and a mild awareness of the danger of being out

in such a state. No kidnappers, though. Just a slide as her shoe encounters a crack in the aging pavement. In just that moment the men emerge from the dark from beside a parked car. She picks herself up, palms bloody, jeans ripped, laughing. The men had no luck. They did not get through to the show. However, some consolation was that one of them had also tripped and also ripped his jeans. Two bloody kneed comrades. The Battle of Sydney: gashing your skin open sprinting down the street to win \$800 on a game show scam.

Thank you. The next edition will be Cross Unwired because I need a break from all this psychoactive-substance-spurned shenanigans. That is, if I *finish* it. No, no, of course I won't finish it. None of these are finished ;)



THANK YOUU SYDNEY!!!

